

vast but dilapidated khan as big as a Gothic castle, situated on a high range, and built as a sort of half-way house for travellers by Ali Pasha when his long, gracious, and unmolested reign had permitted him to turn this unrivalled country, which combines all the excellences of Southern Europe and Western Asia, to some of the purposes for which it is fitted. This khan had now been turned into a military post; and here we found a young Bey, to whom Kalio¹ had given us a letter in case of our stopping for an hour. He was a man of very pleasing exterior, but unluckily could not understand Giovanni's Greek, and had no interpreter. What was to be done? We could not go on, as there was not an inhabited place before Yanina; and here were we sitting before sunset on the same divan with our host, who had entered the place to receive us, and would not leave the room while we were there, without the power of communicating an idea. We were in despair, and we were also very hungry, and could not therefore in the course of an hour or two plead fatigue as an excuse for sleep, for we were ravenous and anxious to know what prospect of food existed in this wild and desolate mansion. So we smoked. It is a great resource, but this wore out, and it was so ludicrous smoking, and looking at each other, and dying to talk, and then exchanging pipes by way of compliment, and then pressing our hand to our heart by way of thanks.

The Bey sat in a corner, I unfortunately next, so I had the onus of mute attention; and Clay next to me, so he and M. could at least have an occasional joke, though of course we were too well-bred to exceed an occasional and irresistible observation.

Clay wanted to play ecarte, and with a grave face, as if we were at our devotions; but just as we were about commencing, it occurred to us that we had some brandy-, and that we would offer our host a glass, as it might be a hint for what should follow to so vehement a schnaps. Mashallah!

Had the effect only taken place 1830 years ago, instead of in the present age of scepticism, it would have been instantly voted a first-rate miracle.

Our mild friend smacked his lips and instantly asked for another cup; we drank it in coffee cups. By the time

that Meredith had returned, who had left the house on pretence of shooting,

Clay, our host, and myself had despatched a bottle of brandy in quicker time and fairer proportions than I ever did a

bottle of Burgundy, and were extremely gay. Then we would

drink again with Meredith and ordered some figs, talking-I must tell

you all the time, indulging in the most graceful pantomime, examining our

pistols, offering us his own golden ones for our inspection, and finally

making out¹ The Governor of Artá.

